Ohio State University
Journalism Series

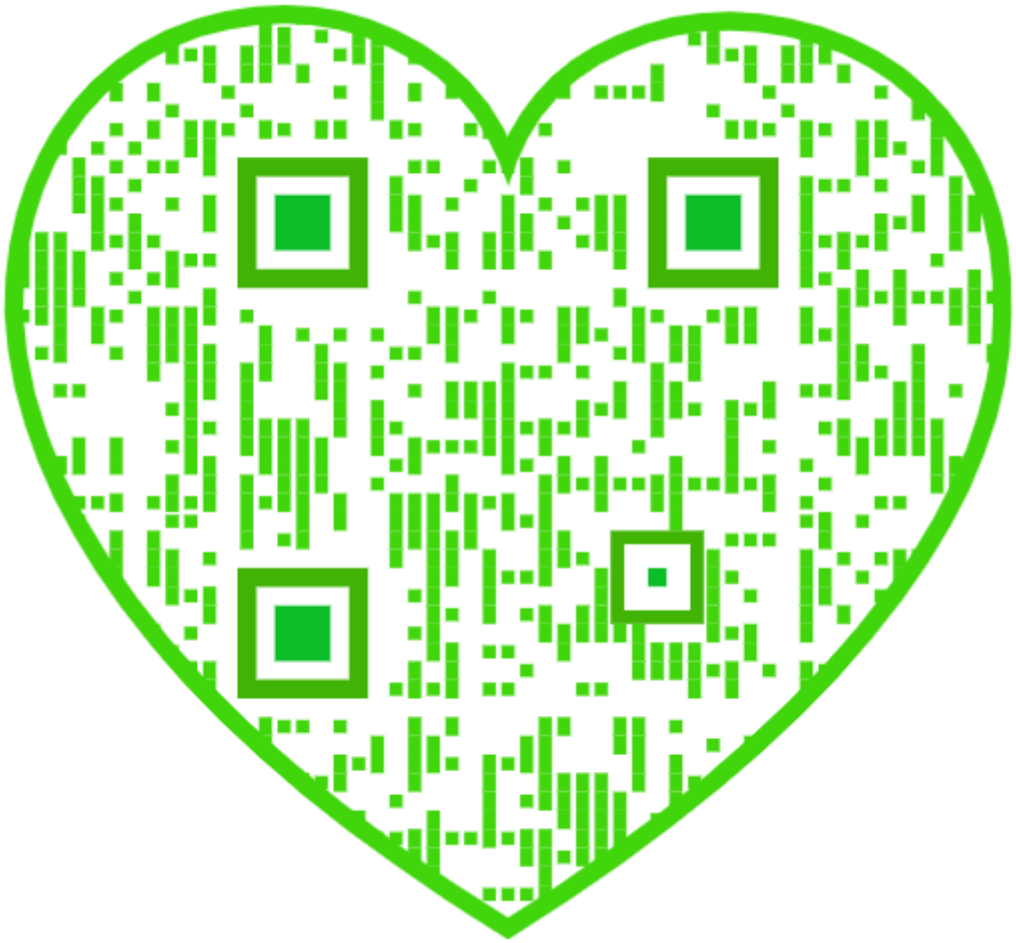
OHIO JOURNALISM HALL OF FAME

Proceedings of the Fourth Annual Dinner-Meeting of Judges, Newspapermen, and Others to Honor the Journalists Elected

Faculty Club Rooms
November 20, 1931, 6:30 P. M.

JOURNALISM SERIES, NO. 10

THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS
COLUMBUS MCMXXXII



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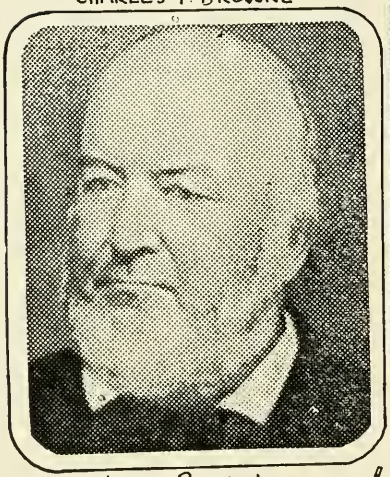
COMMITTEE OF JUDGES

(1931 Election)

H. W. Amos, *The Jeffersonian*, Cambridge.
W. B. Baldwin, *The Gazette*, Medina.
D. C. Bailey, *The Banner*, West Liberty
Harry F. Busey, *The Citizen*, Columbus.
Louis H. Brush, *The News*, Salem.
Granville Barrere, *The News-Herald*, Hillsboro.
Clarence J. Brown, Secretary of State, Columbus.
Karlh Bull, *The Herald*, Cedarville.
James M. Cox, *The News*, Dayton
W. H. Cathcart, Director Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland
W. R. Conaway, *The Independent*, Cardington
J. A. Chew, *The Gazette*, Xenia.
Roscoe Carle, *The Times*, Fostoria.
C. R. Callahan, *The Gazette*, Bellevue.
E. C. Dix, Sr., *The Record*, Wooster.
William A. Duff, Ashland.
F. A. Douglas, *The Vindicator*, Youngstown.
J. A. Ey, Western Newspaper Union, Columbus.
Mrs. Ruth Neeley France, *The Post*, Cincinnati.
George H. Frank, *The Citizen*, Grafton.
C. C. Fowler, *The Dispatch*, Canfield.
J. H. Galbraith, *The Dispatch*, Columbus.
C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Historical Society, Campus.
O. P. Gayman, *The Times*, Canal Winchester.
H. E. Griffith, *The Morrow County Sentinel*, Mt. Gilead.
Alfred Haswell, *The Sentinel-Tribune*, Bowling Green.
J. K. Hunter, *The News-Advertiser*, Chillicothe.
Oliver Hartley, Pomeroy.
Webster P. Huntington, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
W. C. Howells, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* Bureau, Columbus.
R. B. Howard, *The Madison Press*, London.
J. E. Hurst, *The Times*, New Philadelphia.
A. E. Huls, *The Republican*, Logan.
Arthur C. Johnson, *The Dispatch*, Columbus.
J. W. Johnson, Circleville.
C. W. Kinney, *The News-Tribune*, Oberlin.
J. S. Knight, *The Beacon Journal*, Akron.
Wilson A. Korns, *The Reporter*, Dover.
John Kaiser, Marietta.

E. C. Lampson, *The Gazette*, Jefferson
W. O. Littick, *The Times-Recorder*, Zanesville.
A. E. McKee, *The Ohio State Journal*, Columbus.
Harry B. McConnell, *The Republican*, Cadiz.
Frank G. McCracken, *The Examiner*, Bellefontaine.
Miss Lida Rose McCabe, 37 Madison Ave., New York.
Harry Pence, *The Enquirer*, Cincinnati.
Marlen E. Pew, *The Editor and Publisher*, Times Bldg., New York.
E. H. Mack, *The Register*, Sandusky.
Paul G. Mohler, *The News*, Berea.
Mrs. Penelope Perrill, *The News*, Dayton.
A. P. Sandles, Ottawa.
Don C. Seitz, New York, 6 East 45th St.
W. G. Sibley, Gallipolis.
H. G. Simpson, Ohio Historical Society, Campus.
Charles H. Spencer, *The Advocate*, Newark.
R. C. Snyder, *The News-Journal*, Sandusky.
Harry E. Taylor, Portsmouth.
C. B. Unger, *The Register-Herald*, Eaton.
William G. Vorpe, *The Plain Dealer*, Cleveland.
Fred S. Wallace, *The Tribune*, Coshocton.
Dr. Frank Warner, Columbus.
J. N. Wolford, *The News*, Yellow Springs.
W. F. Wiley, *The Enquirer*, Cincinnati.

CHARLES F. BROWNE



JOHN BROUGH

WARREN G. HARDING

ELECTED IN 1931 TO THE HALL OF FAME

PROCEEDINGS AND TRIBUTES

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX Ohio newspapermen and their wives attended the fourth annual Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame dinner held under the auspices of the School of Journalism, Ohio State University and the Ohio Newspaper Association, at the Faculty Club on the University campus Friday, November 20.

Taxing the capacity of the club dining room, the largest crowd ever to attend a Hall of Fame banquet heard three active Ohio newspapermen pay tribute to the three former Ohio journalists added to the Hall of Fame in the 1931 election: Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward), John Brough, and Warren G. Harding.

Professor Joseph S. Myers, director of the School of Journalism, as toastmaster, greeted the guests and extended to them the welcome of the School of Journalism, and because of the unavoidable absence of President George W. Rightmire, that of the University also.

Governor George White, making his first public appearance since the automobile accident in which he suffered a broken collar bone, expressed his pleasure at being able to meet with newspapermen from the state and thanked them for their considerate treatment of him during his first year in office.

Mrs. Louis Coffin, of Cincinnati, granddaughter of John Brough, who with her husband was seated at the head table, was introduced by the toastmaster, and bowed her acknowledgment of the applause.

James E. Pollard, director of the News Bureau of the University, in his talk on "The University and the Press" presented statistics from the University, comparing it to a city of some twelve thousand population, and pointing to the fact that its students, coming from the 88 counties of the state, the 48 states in the nation, and many foreign countries, represent a cross-section typically American. He also outlined briefly the aims and the workings of the bureau of which he is director.

Review and Prospect

Professor Osman C. Hooper, of the School of Journalism, and founder of the Hall of Fame, next briefly mentioned the careers of the fourteen men elected to the Hall in 1928, 1929, and 1930. Taking into consideration the three this year elected, he indicated their distribution over the state. Their first newspaper work was done as follows: Whitelaw Reid at Xenia, Joseph Medill at Coshoc-

ton, D. R. Locke at Findlay, Warren G. Harding at Marion, John T. Mack at Sandusky, Edward S. Wilson at Ironton, John Brough at Marietta, J. A. MacGahan, who was born at New Lexington, in New York and Europe, "Sunset" Cox at Columbus, William Dean Howells at Columbus, Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward) and Edward W. Scripps at Cleveland, Charles Hammond at St. Clairsville, William Maxwell, and Washington McLean, Murat Halstead and James W. Faulkner at Cincinnati.

Some of these men migrated to larger cities in Ohio for their more important work, and so three—Cox, Howells and Wilson—may be credited to Columbus; one—D. R. Locke—to Toledo; three—Browne, Medill and Scripps—to Cleveland; and seven—Maxwell, Hammond, Brough, Reid, Halstead, McLean, and Faulkner—to Cincinnati. Six of the seven were connected with the *Enquirer* or with papers that were merged with it, the *Gazette* and the *Commercial-Tribune*. This is partly accounted for by the fact that it was in Cincinnati that Ohio journalism began and was most rapidly developed.

The speaker also called attention to the fact that, while seventeen journalists had been elected to the Hall of Fame, the number of those who had won distinction in Ohio journalism was by no means exhausted. In fact, ten others have been duly nominated, and it will be possible to put the names of some on the ballot of next year.

RESPONSE FOR THE PRESS

President Granville Barrere, of the Ohio Newspaper Association, and editor of the *Hillsboro News-Herald*, responded for the press as follows:

The idea of a Hall of Fame for Ohio Journalists was a happy thought. To pay fitting tribute to the great newspapermen of our state is to perform a valuable service not only to our profession but to the people as a whole. For a man to become a leader, win fame as a journalist, he must have rendered valuable service to the public, must have had outstanding ability, been an untiring worker and must have been a man of high character and courage. All of these qualities are necessary to success in newspaper work.

It has long been said, "The law is a jealous mistress." This is true but journalism is not only a most jealous mistress but also a very exacting one. A newspaperman can never call his time his own. The paper comes before everything else. No matter what happens it must be published and published on time. All of the accepted work of a journalist is circulated among many persons. He can never say he has been misquoted. The indisputable evidence is there in the printed word. He must be always alert, always looking, always listening for news that he may pass it on to the people.

But great newspapermen have been more than just mere recorders of the current happenings. They have not been in the business just to make money. They have been true leaders in their communities. They have had a large part in determining public policies. They have discussed the issues of their day with force, logic, fairness and courage. Their appeal necessarily has always been to the people. The newspaper stands alone with the home, the church and the school as a vital factor in the advance of civilization. A great responsibility rests on a newspaperman, and I am thankful and proud that most of them realize their responsibility and discharge their duties faithfully and with courage.

It has been my privilege to serve as one of the judges in the election of the editors to the Hall of Fame ever since it was established and to have attended all of the meetings when the names of our illustrious men were formally recorded. The study of the lives of these men has been an education and an inspiration. History is but a record of the deeds of men. The men who have been elected to the Hall of Fame had a large part in making the history of their communities, their state and their nation. They were community, state and nation-builders.

The greatest value of the Hall of Fame should come through the study of the lives of these honored dead by the students of the School of Journalism. Through this study these young men and women should have a better vision of the greatness of the profession they are preparing to enter and a keener realization of the responsibility that will rest on them. Through them the Hall of Fame will be serving future generations and the influence of the ideals of our illustrious dead will continue to serve posterity.

On behalf of the members of the Ohio Newspaper Association—and I am confident I am expressing the sentiment of newspapermen generally—I want to thank the School of Journalism for establishing a Hall of Fame for Ohio Journalists and to add that it represents an invaluable service not only to our profession but to the people of Ohio.

Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward)

William G. Vorpe, feature editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, was then introduced to pay tribute to Charles Farrar Browne (Artemus Ward). He said:

On one of the corridor walls of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* is a bronze plaque carrying these words:

In honor of
Charles Farrar Browne
"Artemus Ward"
Printer, Reporter, Humorist
1834–1867

While in the service of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, 1857–1860, he developed a new school of American humor, and through his quaint

conceptions, his letters and his lectures, achieved international fame and secured an enduring place in the literature of his country.

Erected by the Plain Dealer Publishing Company, 1925.

Past this plaque hundreds of school children in Ohio go throughout the year in their excursions over the newspaper plant. Perhaps very few of them ever stop to look at it. But a few days ago I noticed a crowd around the plaque and one of them, after reading it, turned to another girl and remarked: "Who was Artemus Ward?" and the other, with an air of superior intelligence replied: "Why, don't you know? He's the fellow that wrote Huckleberry Finn."

After all, this fame is a fleeting thing, and perhaps it is just as well for the future students of Ohio journalism that the Ohio State University has attempted to provide a place of permanency for the records of many who have been forgotten by the generations that have come on since they did their work. Charles Farrar Browne lived but 33 years, 25 of which were spent in a very inauspicious way, and yet he has left an indelible imprint on the path of journalism.

Born on April 26, 1834, at Waterford, Maine, he boasted of a lineage which should satisfy even the most rabid, one-hundred-percent American of today. His family tree had its roots firmly imbedded in the soil of New England. His father dying when Browne was thirteen years old, there was no family fortune to furnish him with an education, so he was apprenticed to the publisher of the *Weekly Democrat* in Lancaster, New Hampshire. From there his journalistic path seems to have taken a wandering course through the various small towns into Boston, where in 1850 he was doing some work for a little publication known as the *Carpet Bag*. It was there that he wrote his first article for publication, a short story on a Fourth of July celebration in his old home town. It was printed anonymously, and no doubt gave the young writer a lot of satisfaction because as yet he was merely a printer and not a journalist.

Printers in the early 50's were an adventurous race with a most magnificent contempt for employment, and young Browne was no exception to the rule. The West was calling pretty loudly and Browne packed what few belongings he had in a carpetbag and started out. Hitch-hiking his way across the country, getting odd jobs at his trade as he went along, he came to Cincinnati, worked for a few days in the newspaper offices there as a printer, and then, seeing an advertisement for a school teacher wanted over in a Kentucky village, he applied for the position and got it. But he didn't keep it very long. Frail in physique he was no match for the big boys of the school who had a pernicious habit of testing out their pedagogue's muscle. Having decided that teaching was not his future career, he left without even waiting for his pay.

Pausing for a brief time at Cincinnati, Dayton and Springfield, he wandered over toward Sandusky, where he learned that a man was needed at Tiffin. Taking up his carpetbag, arrayed in a linen duster and a chip

hat, he walked to Tiffin, 34 miles away, where he took a position just vacated by a sick man in the office of the *Seneca County Advertiser*. This was perhaps the turning point in the career of Charles Farrar Browne, better known to posterity as Artemus Ward.

The *Seneca Advertiser* was published by W. W. Armstrong, afterwards Secretary of State and later owner and publisher of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Despite the fact that Armstrong described him as "the greenest-looking young fellow he had ever set eyes upon, with an appearance that was anything but prepossessing," he was taken on the paper and soon became a very popular person in the community, and his writings attracted considerable attention among the home folks.

But the printer's wanderlust soon took him away from Tiffin, and he became a compositor on a Toledo paper where he emerged from the typesetting room to the editorial room, and where he had his first taste of real reportorial work. Journalism at that time was largely a personal affair and editors spent more time and space in airing their personal opinions and controversies with each other than they did in giving the news of current events. Browne seems to have added considerable tang and spice to the newspapers of that day in Toledo by his skill in persiflage and his unusually witty way of dealing with news events. His fame as a young newspaper writer spread throughout Northern Ohio and came to the attention of Joseph W. Gray, former New Hampshire school teacher who turned lawyer and then became publisher of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He offered Browne a job at the princely salary of $10 a week to become city editor, or what was then known as "local" of the *Plain Dealer*, and Browne joined that paper on October 29, 1857.

Cleveland at that time had a population of less than twenty thousand people, but it had growing pains, and Browne seems to have arrived at the psychological stage. At that time Mark Hanna, future President maker, was a hustling youngster in the community, and John D. Rockefeller was about to straddle a bookkeeper's stool in a downtown warehouse. The *Plain Dealer* office was typical of the newspaper offices of that day—dingy, dirty and uncomfortable. The editorial room in the shadowy loft of the building was furnished with pine tables and chairs that had seen better days. And it was here that Charles Farrar Browne blossomed out into Artemus Ward.

The pages of the *Plain Dealer* soon began to reflect Browne's appearance. It had been a rather dull publication, mostly taken up with politics, personal likes and dislikes of the publisher, and containing very little news. Browne, who soon made friends with quite a number of well-known people in the community, especially folks like himself who had Bohemian tastes, put into it some of that personality which soon attracted the attention of the few readers of which the paper boasted. Three months after his arrival, or to be more exact, January 30, 1858, his first communication appeared signed "A. Ward." This was in the form of a letter supposed

to have been written from Pittsburgh, and in it Artemus Ward announces he wants to go into the show business in Cleveland, that he has a "Californy bare, some snaikes and foxes and some very commendable wax works." The letter drew much comment, and Browne, seemingly believing in what he had started, continued his efforts, and from time to time there appeared in the *Plain Dealer* letters signed "Artemus Ward" from various parts of Ohio and contiguous states. The selection of the nom de plume was purely accidental according to Browne. Telling of this in 1864 Browne said: "I wrote the first Ward sketch on a local subject. Somehow the name Ward entered my mind and I used it." Records, however, indicate that the name was that of a man who had figured in a land deal back in Waterford when Browne was a boy.

Browne didn't seem to have any special purpose in these early contributions to literature except to entertain, and his misspelling of words and peculiar combination of sentences started a chuckle of merriment which extended far beyond the borders of Cleveland. This new style of humor which Browne seems to have originated caught the popular fancy—a style which often has been copied, and even today we find Will Rogers, probably the best known humorist of this period, resorting to misspelled words to attract attention. As an advocate of simplified spelling Artemus Ward beat Theodore Roosevelt by fifty years. As he developed his style of writing, he began to use his articles to expose some of the political shams and satirize events and human foibles of his day. Always a Bohemian at heart, Browne seems to have gotten most of his social delight from associating with people of kindred nature, and practically all of his writings give evidence of this.

His vagaries in this direction were not particularly pleasing to Mr. Gray, editor and publisher of the *Plain Dealer*, despite the fact that under the name of "Artemus Ward" he was doing more than anyone had ever done to make the *Plain Dealer* known beyond its own small circle. Added to this the fact that Browne was none too industrious, and like many of our well-known writers, hated detail, wanted to write when he felt like it and loaf the rest of the time, didn't particularly please his employer. Mr. Gray, like some newspaper publishers of today, thought cleverness a very poor substitute for exertion. Perhaps also he was in grave fear that this new-found writer might decide that his salary ought to be boosted a little. In fact Mr. Gray did open his generous heart and purse to the extent of $15 a week after Browne had been on the paper two years.

But the idea of becoming a public entertainer seems to have germinated in Browne's fertile brain, and in the Fall of 1860 he conceived the idea of duplicating his copy in *Vanity Fair*, a New York publication. Thus he seems to have been a pioneer in the syndicating of humor copy, an industry which at the present time is very much overworked. His boss didn't like that very well, and the friction which had long been developing came to a head. Though he offered to remain on the paper and give it his undivided attention for $1200 a year, Mr. Gray said emphatically "No."

They parted company, and Artemus Ward severed his connection with the *Plain Dealer* with the issue of Saturday, November 10, 1860. The paper on that date contained the following farewell:

"Vale"

"The undersigned closes his connection with the *Plain Dealer* with this evening's issue. During the three years that he has contributed to these columns, he has endeavored to impart a cheerful spirit to them. He believes it is far better to stay in sunshine while he may, inasmuch as the shadow must of its own accord come only too soon. He cannot here in fit terms express his deep gratitude to the many, including every member of the Press of Cleveland, who have so often manifested the most kindly feeling toward himself. But he can very sincerely say that their courtesy and kindness will never be forgotten.

The undersigned may be permitted to flatter himself that he has some friends among the readers of newspapers. May we meet again.

Charles F. Browne."

In this farewell there seems to have been in the humorist's mind a foreboding of what was all too soon to come, for he speaks of the desire to stay in the "sunshine while he may," because he could see the shadow approaching which was to cut off a very promising career in the prime of its existence. Though only three years in the employ of the *Plain Dealer*, in that brief period he made himself a permanent asset in its repute. A bust of Artemus Ward, carved by Geflowski, stands today in one of the offices of the *Plain Dealer*, and in the Museum of Western Reserve Historical Society there is the table and chair used by him when he wriote the famous "Artemus Ward" letters. Along with these relics is the original cartoon drawn by George Hoyt, a Cleveland man, an associate of Browne's on the paper, depicting the showman with his famous kangaroo.

Though a number of his writings, including "His Book" were put in book form, there was never printed any exhaustive story of his life until Don C. Seitz, well known for his long connection with the *New York World*, also a native of Browne's birthplace, Waterford, Maine, wrote a rather exhaustive book on him, and to Mr. Seitz, more than any other man, are we indebted for the pertinent facts of the humorist's career.

After leaving the *Plain Dealer* Browne worked and wrote for *Vanity Fair*, later becoming editor. This publication languished during the Civil War and the humorist made up his mind that he could improve his financial condition, as well as satisfy a long cherished ambition by getting on the lecture platform. About his quitting *Vanity Fair*, Browne once said "Comic copy is what they wanted for *Vanity Fair*. I wrote some and killed it." This was merely Artemus Ward sarcasm however. It was while he was on *Vanity Fair* that his first book, "Artemus Ward—His Book" was published and sold along with subscriptions to the magazine. Forty thousand copies sold at once at one dollar each. Browne got a royalty of fifteen cents a copy, and it was the $6,000 paid him in a lump sum that started

him on his lecture work. Four volumes comprise the published works of Browne, namely: "His Book," "His Travels," "Artemus Ward in London" and "The Mormons." The last two were not published till after his death.

Browne's first lecture, then known as "Children" was delivered at New London, Conn., Nov. 26, 1861, and was pronounced a success. Encouraged, the humorist revised the lecture, rechristened it "The Babes in the Wood" and started over the country. He gained fame and money, though he found the going rather hard in some spots. This was the heydey of the complimentary tickets and frequently he found more deadheads than live ones in the lecture halls. When appearing in Salt Lake City Browne found it convenient and likewise good publicity to send out complimentary tickets bearing the inscription:

Artemus Ward
"Among the Mormons"
Admit bearer and one wife

In this Mormon lecture Browne introduced his famous panorama which to a large extent was a joke, and the least said about it the better. It was painted on canvas and served no other purpose than as a background occasionally moved, and occasionally, but with very ludicrous lack of point, referred to in his lecture. It was during this western trip that the humorist made the acquaintance of Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, who in 1871, four years after the death of Artemus Ward, wrote a monologue on his old friend, which he used quite a number of times in his lecture about the country. Describing Artemus Ward, Mark Twain said: "He looked like a glove stretcher; his hair, red and brushed forward at the sides, looked like a divided flame. His nose rambled on aggressively before him with all the strength and determination of a cow catcher, while his red mustache seemed not unlike the unfortunate cow."

Artemus Ward had one very good point as a lecturer in that he always disregarded his subject, a practice that might be copied with considerable success by some of our modern platform entertainers. His first and most famous lecture, "Babes in the Woods," consisted of rambling and humorous comments on everything except the babes themselves, and he always closed by taking out his watch, looking at it with considerable surprise and remarking: "I find I have exceeded my time and will therefore merely remark that so far as I know they were very good babes. I really have no time to go into their history. You will find it all in the story books. They died in the woods listening to the woodpecker tapping a hollow beech tree. It was a sad fate, and I pity them. So, I hope, do you. Good night!" In a later lecture, which he called "Sixty Minutes in Africa," he told his listeners that the subject was too vast, that they might read any history of Africa and learn more about the country than he knew. He then advised them to go home and go to bed because it would be more profitable to them than to spend "Sixty Minutes in Africa" with him.

It was while on his western trip that he decided to go to England where

his success was even greater than in this country. He was taken up by the famous Savage Club of London, and became one of the social lions of the hour. His first lecture over seas was delivered in the famous Egyptian Hall in London, where most of the great entertainers of that day had appeared. For six weeks his lectures were given without any interruption. But the physical weakness which had been coming on him for some time finally forced him to end his lecture career. January 23, 1867, marked his last appearance. His vitality was gone. The dread tuberculosis had done its work. He fled from the fog and chill of London winter to the better climate of Jersey, but no benefits resulting he left Jersey after a short stay and went to Radley's Hotel at Southampton, his last stopping place. All that medical skill could do was done, but the candle which had burned too long at both ends was about to go out. Knowing that his life was ebbing away, he called one day for pad and pencil and wrote this bit of biography.

"Some twelve years ago I occupied a position (or the position occupied me) of city editor to a journal in Cleveland, Ohio. This journal— the *Plain Dealer*—was issued afternoons, and I was kept very busy indeed from eight o'clock in the morning until half past three in the afternoon in collecting police reports and other items that might be of local interest."

Overcome by this slight effort he dropped the pencil which he was never again to take up. Artemus Ward died at seven minutes past four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 6, 1867, at the age of thirty-three years.

In May of that year his body was taken from Kensal Green and sent across the sea to Waterford, the place of his birth. The funeral was held on June 6th, and the children of the village gathered wild flowers to strew upon his grave. Conveyed in a common beach wagon, his casket was taken to Elmdale where it rests under a stone bearing this inscription:

Rest, loved one, rest.
Charles Farrar Browne
Known to the world as
"Artemus Ward"
Died in Southampton, Eng.,
March 6, 1867
Aet. 33 yrs.
His name will live as
A sweet, unfading recollection.

Looking back upon the career of Artemus Ward with the eyes of the present generation, it is not difficult for us to see how in such a short life he was able to create a place for himself in the history of journalism.

Charles Farrar Browne was not a good reporter judged by the standards of the present day, nor perhaps even by the lesser standards of his day. He hated detail and quite often had a proud contempt for facts. It is related of him that, being assigned one night to look after and report a

very important social function, he halted on his way to the event to mingle with a few of his Bohemian friends and partake of some of the liquid which cheers, forgetting all about his job until it was too late to attend to it. He was persuaded by his friends to cover it anyway, drawing for his facts upon his imagination. The next afternoon the *Plain Dealer* had a very typical Artemus Ward account of the affair on the first page. Neither of the other two newspapers in Cleveland had a word about it as far as he could discover until, by careful scanning, he found in one of the papers a very small item at the bottom of the column announcing that the function had been postponed.

After reading this, Browne didn't come back to the *Plain Dealer* office. In fact he left Cleveland without telling where he was going. But six months or so later he drifted back into Cleveland and was walking leisurely down Superior Avenue when he ran face to face with Colonel Gray, his employer. Gray of course asked him what he ran away for, telling Browne he thought he had treated him very badly by leaving him in such a manner. Ward replied, "Well Colonel, if you must know, I couldn't afford to be identified with such an unreliable sheet."

But like others of our most famous writers who fail as newspaper reporters, he attained high rank in his own special line of work. His humor lives because it was born of a cheerful philosophy. His wit was spontaneous and not studied. His satire was keen but never venomous. Had he been living in this age he would have been successful as a humorist on the *New Yorker* or *Ballyhoo*. He would probably have made much money by syndicating his humor. Doubtless he would have been in great demand as a radio entertainer and one might have heard his droll comments interspersed with chatter about the merits of Dr. Ruben's toothpaste. Truly Artemus Ward was born sixty years too soon to break into the big-money class.

While he wrote poetry occasionally, this should not be held against him because his poetry was usually in humorous vein. He was probably the pioneer of the modern columnist, and many of the methods he used to entertain are still popular. Occasionally he would pretend he was answering questions from correspondents. One of these answers which is often quoted was his reply to someone who had asked the origin of the quotation "Get him where the hair is short," and he replied: "This was the exclamation uttered by Delilah as she cut the last raven lock from Samson's head," and he added "This has ever since been a byword among the Philistines." He once defended prize-fighting in a rather lengthy essay, in the course of which he stated that the very early age of prize-fighting was proven in history by the fact that Socrates, whom he described familiarly as 'Sock,' acted as a bottle holder at the age of nineteen. He described the reformers of that age, who must have been similar to some of the reformers of the present day, saying "Some were opposed to razors, some to law, and all to work."

His brief comment on editing a newspaper might be good advice for many of the students of journalism today. This was his advice to the budding journalist of 1860. "Before you go for an editor, young man, pause and take a big think. Do not rush into the editorial harness rashly. Look around. See if there is not an omnibus to drive, some soil somewhere to be tilled, a clerkship on some meat cart to be filled, anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an editor which is hard business at best. We are not a horse, and consequently have never been called upon to furnish motive power for a thrashing machine; but we fancy that the life of the editor, who is forced to write, write, write, whether he feels right or not is much like that of the steed in question. If the yeas and neighs could be obtained we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the thrashing machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial."

A philosopher who could always see the bright lining to a cloud, this man Artemus Ward, who made President Lincoln laugh in the trying days of the Civil War when there was a dearth of merriment in the White House halls, was above all a very companionable human being. He enjoyed the company of persons who like himself liked a good drink occasionally. Ward would never have been an advocate of the Volstead Act. It is related of him that when a concert manager of San Francisco telegraphed him saying "What will you take for forty nights in California?" he replied "Brandy and water." No doubt his manner of living made his years less, but it certainly helped him enjoy life more and leave behind some merriment for posterity.

Though more than half a century has passed since Artemus Ward walked the earth, his cheerful soul goes marching on.

John Brough

Appropriately W. F. Wiley, General Manager of the *Cincinnati Enquirer,* which owes its name to John Brough, had been chosen to speak of him. Introduced by the Toastmaster, Mr. Wiley said:

The first great experiment in national self-determination was little more than a score of years old and the puling, infant state of Ohio but eight years old when John Brough, whose father was an emigrant Englishman, was born in Marietta, in 1811.

The population of the United States in 1810 was 7,239,881, and in the State of Ohio there were, according to the most dependable figures available, 230,760 human beings, fewer by sixty or seventy thousand than there are in the City of Columbus today and constituting less than five for every square mile of its territory. Then as now population was concentrated in trading or military centers for the obvious factor of safety and protection. The countryside was a virtual wilderness from which had not been expelled entirely the primitive owners and occupants of a domain that was soon to be transformed into an empire teeming with the rich

rewards of industry and brain through the magic of the white man's genius.

Signers of the Declaration of Independence were still living. The Whig party, soon to play a mighty part in the direction of public affairs, had not yet been born. Federalist and Republicans were intriguing and battling for supremacy in national control. James Madison, fourth in succession to Washington in the Presidency of the young Republic, was vigorously withstanding the arrogant encroachments of Great Britain and asserting the maritime rights of the United States and its nationals. Tripolitan and Algerian pirates preying upon American merchantmen had been defeated and driven from the seas. A second war had been fought with the Haughty Mistress of the Seven Seas and, with the signing of the treaty of Ghent, England forever relinquished attempt to impress American seamen.

Andrew Jackson smashed the British army into fragments at New Orleans and a new hero was created who was to have profound influence on the life of him whose memory we strive to honor tonight. Madison's successor enunciated the Monroe doctrine which for more than a century has remained the rule of foreign intercourse for all American political parties. Fiscal systems, tariff, banking, slavery, all engaged the attention of sturdy and self-reliant men.

A nation was in the making. It was an epoch of imagination and action. Mighty intellects were at work. Settlements were scattered. Communication was slow and uncertain. Travel was confined to tortuous trails and to the navigable streams. Plain living and high thinking were in evidence throughout the land. The very air was vibrant with liberty and the rights of man. It was in the determination of these rights that men found occupation. The machine age had not yet been reached and the mad rush for riches that dominated succeeding eras of the country's life and development was not in evidence.

Into such a period and into such an atmsophere was born John Brough. Orphaned at the tender age of 11 he began at once to draw upon his only inheritance, a strong body and a keen brain, and with uncanny prescience turned to a profession that was to become at once his educator and the strong lance with which he was to battle to fame and power.

Apprenticing himself to the publisher of the *American Friend* at Marietta, young Brough began to learn the printing trade to which he applied himself with great industry. Perhaps it may have been his good friend Royall Prentiss who incited the youth after a few years of training to seek similar employment at Athens where he might have opportunity to further his education in the new college that now is Ohio University, and then again in lack of evidence pro or con, it may have been the youthful Brough's own idea in furtherance of his ambition to scale the heights. In any event, the record discloses that he next engaged in

setting type for the *Athens Mirror*, devoting his spare hours to the study of Latin and mathematics. And then at twenty the future Governor of the commonwealth returned to Marietta and founded the *Western Republican*, a weekly newspaper, of which he was publisher and editor as well. Two years later he sold this newspaper which was transferred by its new owner to Parkersburg, West Virginia, where Brough for a brief period continued as editor.

In 1833 when he had attained the age of 22 Brough repaired to Lancaster and purchased the *Ohio Eagle*, associating with himself his brother Charles, who later was to attain fame as journalist, jurist, and warrior. Almost immediately Brough's prodigious political virility asserted itself and was reflected in his vigorous editorial support of Democratic doctrine and leaders. For the following facts pertaining to his career I am indebted to that excellent brochure on John Brough written by Professor Hooper.

It was a time of stirring politics, and Brough as Clerk of the Ohio Senate and correspondent of the *Eagle*, swung the partisan cudgel with all the zeal of his young manhood. He served as clerk of the Senate for two terms and then was retired by reason of a Whig victory. Loss of position, however, did not take him out of politics: it was only an incident in the war for which he had enlisted. He continued to spend much time in Columbus, reporting Senate proceedings for the old *Ohio Statesman* and at the same time writing pungent and vitriolic editorials for his own paper at Lancaster.

He sat in the convention that nominated Wilson Shannon for Governor in 1837 and as a member of the committee on resolutions drafted the plank denouncing the Whig attitude toward the banks as a betrayal of the people and declaring that those banks that had suspended payment had forfeited their charters. That was the year of the first real panic in the United States induced in large degree by Jackson's attitude toward the Bank of the United States. And in the autumn of that year when he had reached the age of twenty-six, Brough was elected to the Ohio House of Representatives from the Fairfield-Hocking district. So strongly had this stalwart disciple of Andrew Jackson intrenched himself in the fancy and admiration of his colleagues that despite his immaturity he was made chairman of the highly important committee on banking and currency.

After the editorial denunciation he had hurled for years against Ohio banking practices Brough, with characteristic alacrity, immediately began to translate his theories into action. Without waiting for Governor Shannon's inaugural, which incidentally was devoted largely to a discussion of imperative reforms in financial affairs, Brough promptly offered a resolution requesting the Auditor of State to report on the condition of banks within the State. Two days later he followed with another resolution

instructing his own committee to inquire what violations there had been of the act to prohibit the issue and circulation of unauthorized bank paper. He introduced a bill to prohibit the issue and circulation of small bank notes and within a few days another, from his committee, prohibiting the establishment in Ohio of any branch office or agency of the Bank of the United States, or any bank or corporation not incorporated under the laws of Ohio.

He proposed broader application of the principle of individual liability of stockholders and directors of banks and the establishment of a Board of Bank Commissioners with power to supervise all banking institutions, and such a board was created. He assailed the practice of issuing bank notes payable at a future date, a practice which enabled bankers to take interest from borrowers on their own paper payable six, nine or twelve months after date and bearing no interest, with the further result of depreciating still more that character of bank paper. He maintained zealously the inherent right of the state to tax bank capital and urged that an existing tax on dividends be transferred to capital.

Fearlessly and untiringly Brough probed into the financial affairs of the state, with the bitter barbs of the Whig party flying thickly about his devoted head. Impervious to ridicule and abuse heaped upon him incessantly by a hostile press, Brough more or less calmly pursued the even tenor of his way, with the result that the General Assembly in 1839 elected him Auditor of State, which office he held for six years.

Long years after, Brough was again to render a signal service to the state and Nation as well, but it may be doubted seriously if in all his long and honorable career he performed more valiantly in the interest of the public welfare than in his occupancy of the Auditor's office. Two monumental achievements stand conspicuously and eloquently through the intervening years in testimony to his wisdom and courage: first, the adoption of the principle that all property shall be assessed at its true value in money, and second, his prevention of the attempted repudiation of Ohio's debt. Again I take the liberty of quoting from Professor Hooper's splendid history:

"Repudiation took the form of an effort to keep down the taxes which would have resulted in a failure to meet the canal debt interest and in the defeat of a proposed loan to complete the public works. This spirit had its expression in the legislature of 1843 when it was sought to add to the appropriation bill an amendment prohibiting the Auditor from levying a greater rate of taxation for canal purposes than was levied in 1842. That would have kept the levy down to 2¾ mills, whereas a 5-mill levy was necessary to meet the canal obligation. Only 17 Representatives and four Senators voted for the amendment and it was defeated. The battle had been fought and won. The ease of the victory, however, did not prevent alarm in financial circles, and Brough's mission to New York, whither he

went to place an additional loan of $1,500,000, was not an easy one. The state's paper was selling at 67 cents on the dollar, and there was a marked indisposition on the part of capitalists to risk more money in a state where the repudiation spirit had appeared even in so mild a form.

"After a month's labor Brough succeeded in placing $600,000 of the proposed loan at 7 per cent, giving an option on the remaining $900,000. That, too, was taken, all at par. Thus the crisis in Ohio finances had been successfully passed, thanks to an honest Legislature, but thanks, also, to the sturdy Auditor, whose critics at times thought he was doing too little and at other times that he was doing too much for the state.

"Brough's reports as Auditor are an interesting study. They are precisely what might be expected from a man who played so important and conservative a role in the Legislature. There he had sought to stay mad speculation and restore the currency to a sound basis; here he did what he could to punish official dishonesty, prevent extravagance, secure the payment to the state of all that was justly due it and to defeat repudiation. When he became Auditor, the state debt was $12,500,000; when he left the office six years later the debt was nearly $20,000,000 but the canals had been completed and nearly half a million had been invested in the stock of railroads, the then new mode of transportation. That the increase would have been greater under a less watchful auditor is probably true."

The words of William Dennison, the first of Ohio's war governors, spoken at the Brough memorial services, August 30, 1865, are here pertinent:

"It has fallen to the lot of few men to perform such a financial service as Brough performed while Auditor. Eighteen hundred and forty-two was the gloomy year in Ohio finance. Charters of banks were expiring by limitation; banks were preparing to close up their affairs and draw in their debts; and to that extent the community was denied the currency it had formerly enjoyed and was under serious apprehension as to what would be the condition of the state after the banks should close. Added to this and of graver moment was the fact of the state being then under a large public debt, accruing out of construction of the public works. A considerable portion of the works was unfinished and other portions, finished, were yielding little toward the cost of their construction. The duty then devolved upon Brough, in connection with the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, to devise ways and means of meeting the accruing indebtedness of the state. He could have accomplished this, it may be, without any extraordinary effort, if there had not been another evil intervening that was even more alarming than those to which I have adverted. It was the threatened spirit of repudiation in Ohio. The course of Auditor Brough in this matter did more than anything else to save the good name of the state.

"Prior to 1842 there was no proper spirit of taxation in Ohio. Assess-

ments were made without any system or rule, not according to the value of the property, but according to the whim or caprice of the assessor. Brough discerned the necessity of a radical change in the system. He then announced as the only just principle of taxation that which has been incorporated in the financial policy of Ohio—that of assessing all property according to its true value in money. Very much of the financial prosperity of Ohio is attributable to the recognition and establishment of that principle in our financial prosperity."

Two years after he became Auditor of State Brough entered upon his great journalistic adventure; an adventure that placed him alongside the really great pioneers in American journalism, Dana, Bennett, Bowles, Reid. It was an era of extremely personal journalism and no personality was more strongly asserted than that of Brough through the columns of his newspaper, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. Indeed, it may be suspected that Brough's motive in establishing a metropolitan newspaper was not the financial gain that might be derived therefrom, but rather the having within his control an organ whose tones would be the voice of Brough, which all and sundry might hear. So on April 10, 1841, there appeared the first issue of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, flying at its masthead this clarion challenge to the support and confidence of the public:

> "If we fail that failure shall not arise from a want of strict adherence to principle, or attention and fidelity to the trust we assume."

One week earlier William Henry Harrison, who had been President for just one month, gave up the ghost and had been succeeded by John Tyler whose political attitude was still a matter of speculation. Financial and commercial chaos pervaded the nation. Whig promises of a restored prosperity under a protective tariff failed to materialize. Where and when employment was to be had, wages were low and the quality of the money used in payment often more than questionable. As an illustration of the money situation not only in Ohio but in most of the states, let me quote from any issue of the *Enquirer* throughout 1841 and 1842, the table of Specie Standards which no man engaged in business dares disregard for a single day or indeed for a single transaction. For example, on June 9, 1842, the table of bank note values appeared as follows:

Specie Standard.
Bank Note List—June 8, 1842.
Corrected by Crawford & Burt, Exchange Brokers,
121 Main St. Cincinnati.

Four Cincinnati Banks were at par.	
Miami Exporting Co.	70 dis.
Bank of Cincinnati	80 dis.
Exchange Bank of Cincinnati	80 dis.
Bank of Circleville (new)	80 dis.
Bank of Cleveland	75 dis.

Bank of Gallipolis	broken
Bank of Hamilton	50 dis.
Bank of Steubenville	broken
Bank of West Union	broken
Commercial Bk. of Lake Erie, Cleveland	50 dis.
Farmers' Bank of Canton	broken
German Bank of Wooster	broken
Lebanon Miami Bank, Lebanon	broken
Manhattan Bank, Manhattan	broken
Urbana Banking Co., Urbana	70 dis.
Washington Bank, Miamisburg	broken
KENTUCKY	
Savings Bank of Louisville	
Otis & Arnold checks	no sale
Indiana banks quoted were at from 25 to 75% dis.	
ILLINOIS	
State Bank of Ill.	60 dis.
Bank of Cairo	no sale
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair endorsed by J. O. & H. Smith	10 dis.
Other Michigan banks	no sale
PENNSYLVANIA	
United States Bank	70 dis.

From day to day values changed or disappeared entirely.

It was in a patriotic and statesmanlike attempt to correct such conditions that Brough as Auditor of State had incurred the deadly enmity of the Whig party. To the diatribes and calumny poured upon him by the Whig press, Brough from public platform and through the *Enquirer* hurled back impassioned invective. There was no mincing of words on either side. Sledge-hammer blows were exchanged. Here are a few collected at random from the editorial column of the *Enquirer* of that period:

"We have not a word in this morning's *Republican* about the resident Superintendent and his Lebanon Bank paper. We shall prick this bull calf till he roars again."

Joe Hawkins, a Whig member of the Assembly, criticized a Democratic caucus which inspired the following:

"Yet he has the unblushing impudence to prate to us about the enormity of caucuses. A fellow that is yet reeking with the foul stench of the abominable orgies where he resolved to become the traitor that he now makes himself a hypocrite to defend. A proper representation of the absquatulators would be that of a set of coons in full retreat each with a tin pan tied to his tail."

John C. Wright, editor of the Whig *Gazette*, handed out this charm-

ing tribute to the editor of the *Enquirer*.

"This article is from the pen of Brough, a convicted libeler—a foul slanderer—of all that is good or honest or patriotic."

To which the *Enquirer* replied on the following day:

"Out upon the malignant and mercenary viper. The people may here see what is the tone and temper of Whiggery towards us. Like a wounded snake this bitter old party hack is biting himself to death."

It is all interesting reading and to the present generation scarcely thinkable. But it was with just such direct and boisterous attack and defense that Brough carried on his party propaganda until he disposed of the paper in 1848. There was nothing political that he did not discuss fearlessly and forcibly, nor was there a leader of the Whig party that escaped his scathing anathema and scorn.

Shortly after the sale of the *Enquirer* in 1848 Mr. Brough became President of the Madison and Indianapolis Railway. Later he became the head of the Bellefontaine and Cleveland Railway, now a division of the Big Four, and established his residence in Cleveland. Application of the same direct methods he had employed in politics and publishing, coupled with rare business acumen and keen financial judgment, made him a successful railroad executive.

In the meantime the sinister clouds of slavery, nullification and state's rights that had been gathering for decades, were becoming heavier and more threatening, and finally the lightning bolt of secession flashed, its thunders reverberating throughout the land, and Civil War had breached the Union. Two years of sanguinary conflict left the South solidified, confident and aggressive: the North divided, hopeless and wavering. Ohio, both a northern and a border state, held many sympathizers with the South, and even ardent supporters of the Union were wavering and lukewarm in the dark days of 1863. The nation, if it were to remain a nation, united and indivisible, needed a sign and a token that the spirit of union had not been quenched and that it was unquenchable.

Here there arose the opportunity for Brough's greatest public service. Party allegiance in Ohio had ceased to exist. There were War Democrats and Peace Republicans, and Brough was aflame with zeal for preservation of the Union. I take the liberty of quoting the peroration from the great historic speech he made at Marietta, June 10, 1863, to illustrate his eloquence and patriotic fervor.

"This country, my friends, is the last hope of freemen throughout the world. It is the field upon which civilization has flourished, and science begun to accomplish its great purposes. The nations and people of the Old World are marking its progress from day to day, as it enfranchises man from every servitude. And are you going to give up? Young men, can you afford to give to your posterity a heritage worse than that your fathers gave to you? If you can, you are faithless, not only to yourselves,

but to your God. You are bound to have one country, one flag, and one destiny. And what country shall that be? What but the country you had before the rebellion raised its paricidal hand to strike it down? That country with the incubus of slavery wiped out—a country that, like a weary man who has lain down by the roadside to rest, has risen again, and is marching on to its great destiny. What flag? What other than that old flag which has given protection and honor to your sires and yourselves, from the day of the Declaration to the present time? What flag but that which smiles on your peaceful assemblage today? Stand by it, then; let it be the flag of the Union restored, reared aloft to float forever. Or when it falls, if fall it must, let there be nothing around it but crumbling walls and nothing above it but the angel that shall speak the end of time and the beginning of eternity."

The speech electrified Ohio and resulted in his nomination and election on the Union ticket to the Governorship by an unprecedented majority over the fiery and brilliant, but misguided Vallandigham.

As Governor, Brough turned his attention at once to vigorous prosecution and support of war measures. He struck harshly and effectively at every evidence of disloyalty to the Union. He provided measures of relief for the dependents of soldiers in the field and performed yeoman service for the nation in recruiting the vast army that overwhelmed the Confederacy. Four months after the restoration of peace Governor Brough died at the age of 54.

Just a few short miles from where this distinguished gathering sits tonight a tiny stream has birth and begins its sinuous wandering to join the tawny Ohio. Feebly and gently at first it finds its way through placid plains. Then gathering strength and volume it gains velocity as it enters a valley, to which it lends its name, flanked throughout the remainder of its course by towering hills, attaining almost to the majesty of mountains.

Doubtless the beauty of the valley of the Hocking attracted the early pioneer, rather than its prospect of providing livelihood. In the springtime its rugged hills were bathed in the beauty and fragrance of the blossoming haw tree and in autumn they shone with the gorgeous effulgence of its ripened apples.

The vast mineral wealth in the bowels of the hills had not been uncovered and the hardy pioneer in the valley had precarious and meager subsistence from the soil. And because they lived simply and plainly on the little provided by their terrain they were derisively denominated "Haw-eaters of the Hock Hocking."

But from the loins of the despised Haw-eaters sprang a race of giants. The annals of American history have been made resplendent by the achievements of the Martins, the Ewings, the Sheridans, and the Shermans. Shall we not add to the long list of illustrious Haw-eaters of the Hock-Hocking the name of John Brough? Did he not through residence and contact at Athens and Lancaster imbibe and absorb those splendid quali-

ties of thrift, of courage, of patriotic fervor, and love of country that exalted them that were of low degree?

Thus we commit to the Valhalla of the great, John Brough, patriot, orator, statesman, journalist, a splendid son of the great Commonwealth of Ohio.

WARREN G. HARDING

The last of the three to be commemorated was Warren G. Harding, and the Toastmaster introduced to pay the proper tribute as a journalist, George H. Van Fleet, editor of the *Marion Star* and long his associate in the publication of that paper. Mr. Van Fleet said:

To have known Warren G. Harding was a great privilege. The salient facts in the life story of one who attains the Presidency are inevitably matters of public knowledge, but the real man may be known to comparatively few.

Thus it is that we who worked with him on his paper, the *Marion Star*, and intimately knew Harding, the publisher, and better still, Harding, the man, have reason to feel that we were exceptionally fortunate.

Mr. Harding was splendidly equipped for the newspaper business; ideally equipped as a publisher of a small city daily. He was a convincing, and thus an effective, editorial writer. He knew a news story when he saw it, and could so write it as to make his readers "see" it. He was a fine buyer, a good ad-writer, and as an advertising salesman would have proved a valuable acquisition to any big metropolitan daily. He was a practical printer. He knew the mechanical end of the publishing business throughout, and he had sufficient knowledge of the law to hold him safe from the pitfall of libel into which publishers sometimes fall.

What since the campaign of 1920 has become known as the Harding code of ethics throws light upon both the man and publisher. It was his practice to make known to each newcomer on his news force his ideas regarding the handling of news. Briefly outlined, they were: Get the facts. Be accurate, especially so regarding names, and be truthful. Be fair; be decent; be generous. Boost; don't knock. Never needlessly hurt the feelings of any one. There's good in everybody. Bring it out. In controversial matters, give both sides. In reporting political gatherings, give the facts. Tell the story as it is, not as you might like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If politics is to be played, we'll play it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it is possible, avoid bringing ignominy to any innocent man, woman or child in telling of the misdeeds of a relative. Do this voluntarily; don't wait to be asked. Above all, be clean. Never let a dirty or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into the home without destroying the innocence of a child.

From time to time, the newcomer picked up other Harding policies, two

of which may prove interesting. One was the barring of prize-fights and wrestling matches from the first page. The other was that, while the paper did not issue on Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Labor Day, Thanksgiving or Christmas, it did print on New Year's Day, to conform to Mr. Harding's belief that a new year should be started with an honest day's work.

"W. G.," as he was called in affectionate regard by all his employes, and so addressed by those old in service with him, early formulated a code for his own guidance. Perhaps it were better to call it a policy. It was to attain for his paper and hold above all else the good-will of the public, and it was his theory that the best and surest way to that end was to concentrate his energies upon a limited area; to give his patrons more than their money's worth, and to hold their aggregate welfare paramount to all other considerations. Much as he valued friendships—and no man ever valued friendships more—neither friendship nor his immediate personal material advantage was permitted to stand against what he considered the public good. The result was that his paper became a power in the area of his plant; that area being Marion county and the villages and countryside adjacent to its boundaries.

It was Mr. Harding's belief that optimism was infinitely to be preferred to pessimism, and this belief was at all times reflected in his editorial columns. In every stormcloud he sought the streak of silver, and emphasized it when found. It was his theory that a paper could not stand still; that it must advance, or recede, and he employed his every effort to make his paper more attractive and interesting, and thus more highly valued by its readers. It was characteristic of him that, when times of recession came, as they always have come, and doubtless always will, he redoubled his efforts to continue this advance.

"W. G." was always approachable. The door to his office was open to the public—literally open—and the people of Marion and Marion county soon came to know that when they went to him they would receive a courteous and sympathetic hearing. That his paper attained the community's good will goes without saying. Its policy of treating all with fairness, regardless of class or condition, gained for it esteem and confidence which could not be shaken. The Marion public became so interested in its welfare that gathering the news was easy for its reportorial staff. Nothing of moment was permitted to escape its reporters. Little ground for surprise that, back in 1920, a well-known columnist alluded to Marion as the newspaper graveyard in which Warren Harding buried his would-be competitors. Yet it may be said that Mr. Harding never waged war on any of the papers started from time to time in his field, and was on friendly terms with the management of all of them.

Was this good-will policy a good one? What are the facts? In 1884, "W. G." and a boyhood chum bought the *Star*, a little, four-page, small-town daily, for $400, which, it may be said incidentally, they borrowed.

Subsequently he purchased his partner's interest, and when he sold his paper in 1923—he had incorporated it a decade before and sold stock worth three or four times its face value to his employes at par—the return realized by him and the minority stockholders was in excess of half a million dollars. Despite all the comment aroused by the sale at the time, eight years have justified the judgment of the purchasers that the "buy" was a good one. And without betraying a secret, it may be said that a big end of the purchase price of the paper was paid for the good-will which assured its circulation and its advertising patronage.

So much for the material side. As for honors achieved by his newspaper endeavors, it will suffice to say that his name is among those of the distinguished newspaper men to be perpetuated in this University's Hall of Fame.

But it was the man—the gracious, kindly, considerate man—who won and held the highest esteem of his employes.

It was my good fortune to have known Mr. Harding for almost forty years; to have known him intimately in his boyhood, during his young manhood and through his maturer years. For almost thirty years preceding his death, I was one of his employes, and in all that time I never knew him to do a mean or a little thing; never knew him to be other than honest, straightforward and upright in his dealings with his fellow-men; the champion of right for right's sake and the foe of wrong. He was physically big, but his heart was big beyond all comparison with his body—a man of great soul, generous with his time and means, almost to a fault. As a confidant and one of the instruments in the bestowal of his secret charities, I can say that his benefactions were beyond enumeration.

My regret tonight is that I am not better equipped with words with which to voice the honor, the esteem and the affection in which I hold the memory of my friend who is gone—Warren G. Harding.